

OLD TALES
OF
JAPAN

VOLUME III

BY
YURI YASUDA
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EIICHI MITSUI

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FOREWORD

by

Alice Grew

Those of us who spent a part of their childhood in Japan will always remember the love of the Japanese for children. How seldom did we ever see a crying child in that lovely country and how many "smiling friendships" we made in those far off days.

My husband and I have known Mrs. Yasuda for many years, ever since we crossed the ocean together long ago, and it is delightful to renew this friendship through these old tales of Japan, charmingly recounted, especially for children. The themes of her stories are however just as interesting and just as significant to grown-ups, embodying as they do some fundamental truths.

I hope that many children of other nations will read these well told tales and thereby come to know a little more intimately a people with whom we so heartily wish to develop a closer mutual understanding and abiding friendship.

August 12, 1948

Alice Grew

To the memory

of a pleasant

childhood

Those of us who have spent our childhood in Japan will always remember the joy of the Japanese for children. How seldom did we ever see a crying child in that lovely country, and how many "sister" and "brother" relationships we made in those far off days.

I was brought and I have known Mrs. Yamanaka for many years. Ever since we crossed the ocean together have we and it is delightful to renew this friendship through these old friends of Japan. Many memories are especially for children. The stories of that time are however not so interesting and are so significant to grow-up, embodying as they do a beautiful world.

I hope that many children of other nations will read these words and understand that by coming to Japan a little more intimately a people will whom we so heartily wish to develop a closer understanding and lasting friendship.

August 12, 1948

Yamanaka

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ONCE there was a big black bear
that shambled around, and the way he went
was . . .

NOSO NOSO

There also was a deer that went ..

PYON PYON

And a monkey ..

CHOKO CHOKO

And a rabbit ..

PYOKO PYOKO

They all lived together in a lovely wood
high up in the hills.

One day as they were basking in the sun
and feeling very content, they heard another
sound ..

PETA PETA PETA PETA

It was a dear faint little sound of bare
feet on soft ground, but they all looked up



surprised for they had never heard the like before.

"Shall we run?" squeaked Saru, the monkey getting red in the face.

"Nonsense!" growled Kuma, the bear, "I'll see that no harm comes to you."

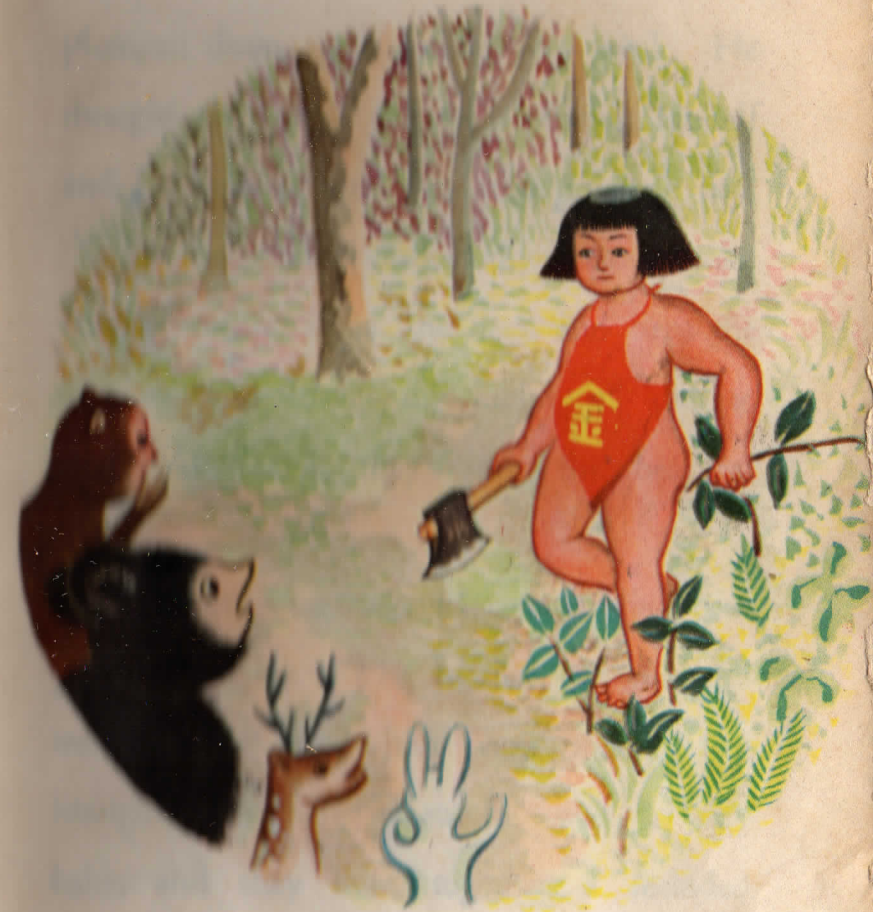
Then there burst through the bushes a little brown boy with thick black hair and round sparkling eyes. His cheeks were round and rosy and bonny, and in his chubby hands he held an axe.

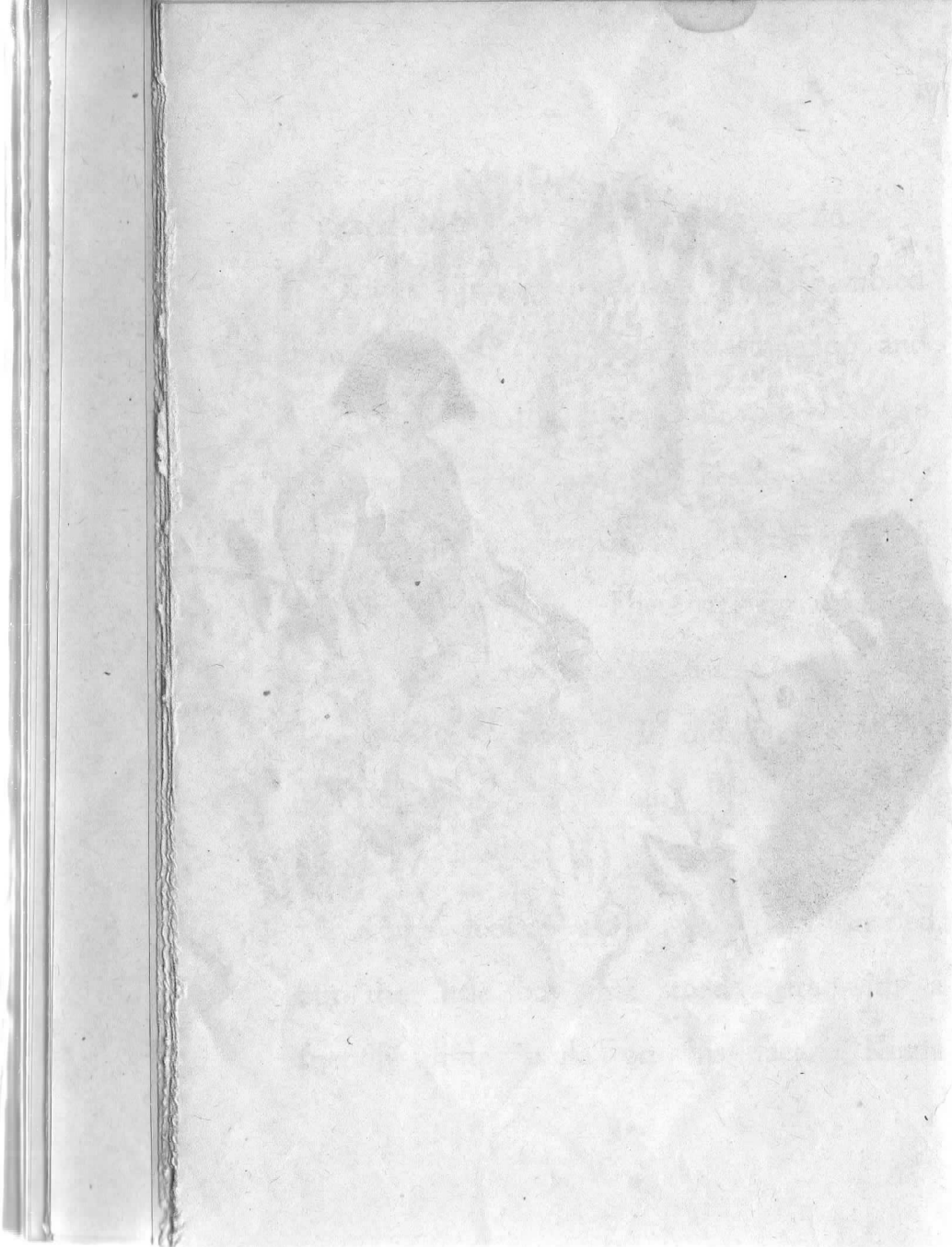
Kuma looked up and growled, expecting him to cry and run for his life—but he just stood there and smiled and walked forward as

if it was the most natural thing to do.

Kuma growled again. He shambled forward NOSO NOSO—and stood up and caught hold of the little boy with his two big paws. This was the bear's great big hug, but oh my, what astonishing strength this little boy had. There are no words to tell it. In a few minutes Kuma was thrown down on the ground. It did not hurt the dear old bear, but it hurt his dignity very much.

Kuma looked up angrily and snarled, but the little boy just stood there with a friendly little smile on his face. Kuma





plumped down again feeling very weak. He thought he might as well control himself and be friendly with this amazing little boy.

So he bowed awkwardly many times. And of course Shika, the deer, and Saru the monkey, and Usagi the rabbit, all did so too. After that they were the best of friends.

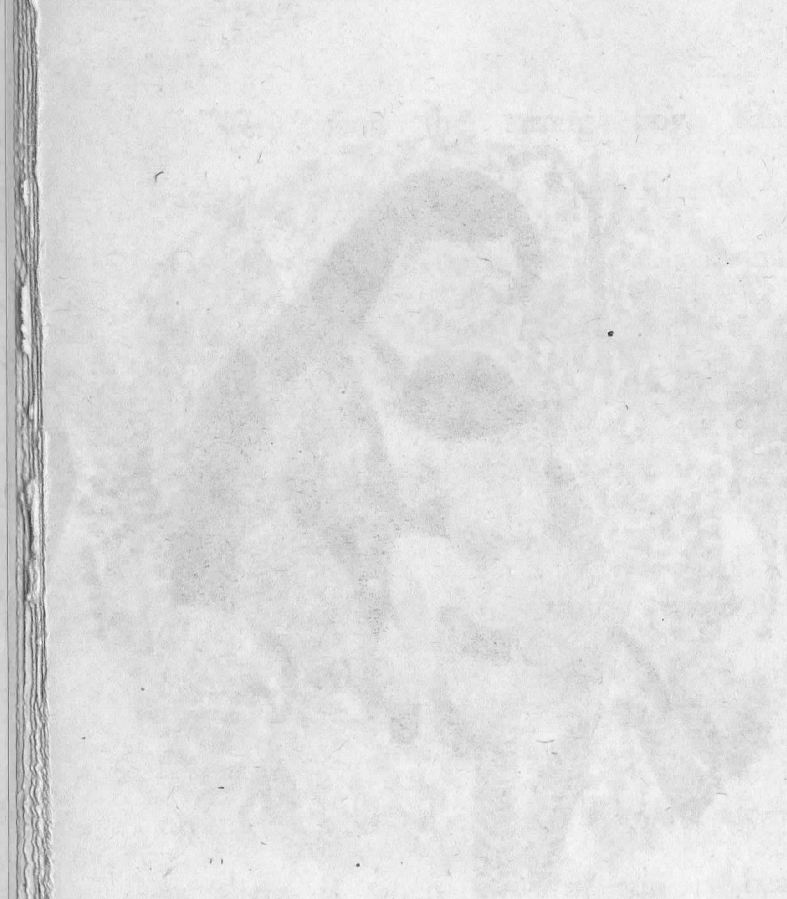
This little boy was Kintarō of the Ashigara Mountains. His mother, a beautiful woman who loved him very much, had brought him here when he was a tiny baby, and they lived together a secluded life. But oh, what a natural free life it

was.

Very soon the strong boy, Kintarō, learned the ways of his forest friends. Best of all he loved Kuma, the big black shambling bear. He learned to be gentle to timid little Usagi. He learned to be fleet on his feet as Shika, nimble as Saru, alert as Usagi.

Early on a warm sunny day, Kintarō opened his eyes and grabbing hold of his axe jumped out of doors. There was a no-smell-at-all kind of a smell in the air—such as there is when a warm sun is beaming down on you from a very blue sky. It





was so pleasant and exciting that Kintarō skipped up and down and shouted “Oooi! Oooi!” at the top of his voice.

Out tumbled Kuma and Shika and Usagi and Saru to greet him. Then up jumped Kintarō on Kuma’s soft broad back.

“We’ll have a big wrestling tournament today.” he announced.

In Japan, Sumō tournaments fought by big fat men are very exciting. People shout until they are hoarse. Some even throw their cushions and coats at the wrestlers.

The Sumō tournament which took place in the woods was just as exciting

to the many forest animals who came to look on.

“Hakke yoi nokotta nokotta!” shouted Kintarō acting as referee.

After all the animals had taken part in the wrestling, came the most exciting match of all—the fight between Kintarō and Kuma.

All little Japanese boys are proud of Kintarō. On the Boy's Festival they decorate Kintarō dolls overthrowing the bear. We have Kintarō toys and Kintarō picture books.

Our painter, Mr. Mitsui, has painted a lovely picture of him for you too.

And by the picture you can be sure that



Kintarō won the tournament. But he had a way of making the loser comfortable as all good boys have, so the party broke up in a very merry way.

Now on their way home Kintarō and his friends wandered far into the woods, and when they finally came to a spot which they recognized, they found themselves on the other side of a steep cliff with no bridge.

"Oya oya, dear me!" panted the stout bear.

Saru scratched his head. Shika sat down. Usagi sat on his hind legs and

looked very tired.

Near them grew a tall solitary pine tree. It was a very strong old tree. Kintarō leaned against its trunk and pushed and pushed until his little brown body was red with exertion. And the tree was creaking and groaning and creaking and groaning. It leaned further and further towards the other side of the cliff, until with a crash it landed at full length on the other side.

Proudly Kintarō led the way over. How relieved his animal friends were—and how lovingly they looked at their strong boy



master.

But there was another pair of eyes that looked on with astonishment at the incredible feat of this amazing boy. He was a traveller on his way to the capital. He was going to the powerful Lord Raikō.

The traveller could not utter a word for fear of frightening the animals away, but he followed them at a distance, and at last saw how the little boy ran towards his little mountain hut—how he waved goodbye to each of his friends, and gave his mother a sunny smile. The traveller followed him still further and was able to have a long

serious conversation with Kintarō's mother.

His idea was to take the little boy with him to his master the great Raikō.

I would have liked Kintarō to stay ever so long, up in the hills with his animal friends, but of course nobody would have known him and if nobody knew about him how could I write this story. So don't let's mind the traveller.

All I have to say now is that some days later Kintarō bade farewell to all his animal friends and was taken to Kyōto which was then the capital of Japan. Here he served the great lord Raikō, and became





a brave good strong man.

There are other tales about him, but
the story of Kintarō's childhood ends here.
Goodbye !



MOTHER Okaasan called Tarō, Jirō Saburō, Hanako, Yoshiko and Kimiko. They are all good little Japanese children. Would you like to see them?

Here they are in a neat little group.

Mother Okaasan told them she wanted them to act out a Japanese fairy tale. What excitement! Six pairs of eyes shone with delight. The fairy tale is called 'The Monkey and Crab Fight'. The monkey and the crab never get on together, you know, and this is how it happened.

THE MONKEY AND CRAB FIGHT

Characters

SIR KANI—the father crab	Tarō
SARU—the hairy monkey	Jirō
LITTLE KANI—the child crab	Yoshiko
KURI—the cheerful chestnut	Kimiko



HACHI—the bee

Hanako

USU—the rice mortar

Saburō

Scene:—A sandy beach. We hear the swish of waves and see some rocks to the extreme right. There is a bamboo fence with a wooden gate in the middle. Some stepping stones lead through a small garden on the left hand side to a farmer's small house. We see a room with tatami, a sunken hearth with a kettle on it. Outside the engawa is placed a big water vessel.

Scene 1. A fine bright day.

When the curtain rises, Sir Kani, the crab is discovered taking a walk by the rocks. He looks up at the blue sky and feels the good warm sun on his back. He is very content. As he walks he

hums a tune, and waves his nippers
in the air.

Sir Kani (singing aloud)

Haru ga kita, haru ga kita,

Doko ni kita.

Yama' ni kita, sato ni kita,

No ni mo kita.

(He discovers a nice round rice ball
lying at his feet. He picks it up.)

What luck! A fine delicious looking rice
ball. My favorite too. I will take it
home and eat it with my little girl.

(At this moment a big hairy monkey
enters. In his hand he carries a brown



persimmon stone. He perches himself on one of the rocks and looks hard at Sir Kani and the delicious looking rice ball.)
Sir Kani (looking up happily) Good morning, my good friend Saru-san. Look what I have here !

Saru (getting red with envy but trying hard not to show it) I see my dear friend, but I have picked up something good too. Look—a big brown persimmon stone. It shines in the sun. But I'm a good natured fellow. I'll give it to you if you'll let me have the rice ball.

Sir Kani. Oh no, dear Saru-san. Pardon

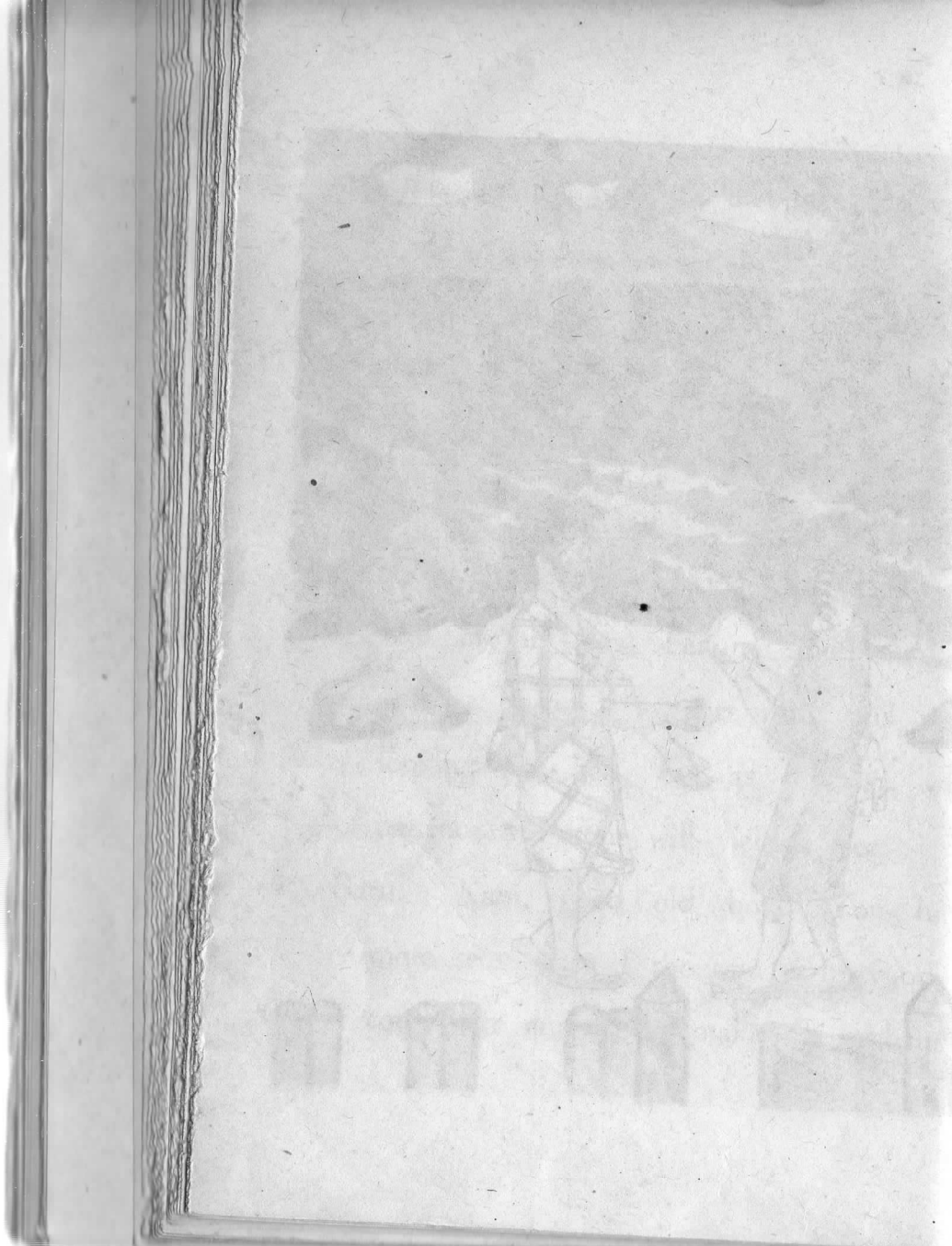
me, but my rice ball is bigger and tastier than your little stone.

Saru. A rice ball—what of it! If you eat it, nothing will be left. Take my persimmon stone, and you'll soon have a splendid tree bearing good fruit.

Sir Kani (stroking his smooth red back with one of his legs) Let me think. Well, well it is hard to part with this good-looking rice ball, but as you say, with patience the stone will yield a tree.

Saru. Kani, good old boy! You have more sense than I thought. Hurry up—come here and let us make the exchange.





Kani. (with misgivings) I'm not sure—
but as you say—as you say.

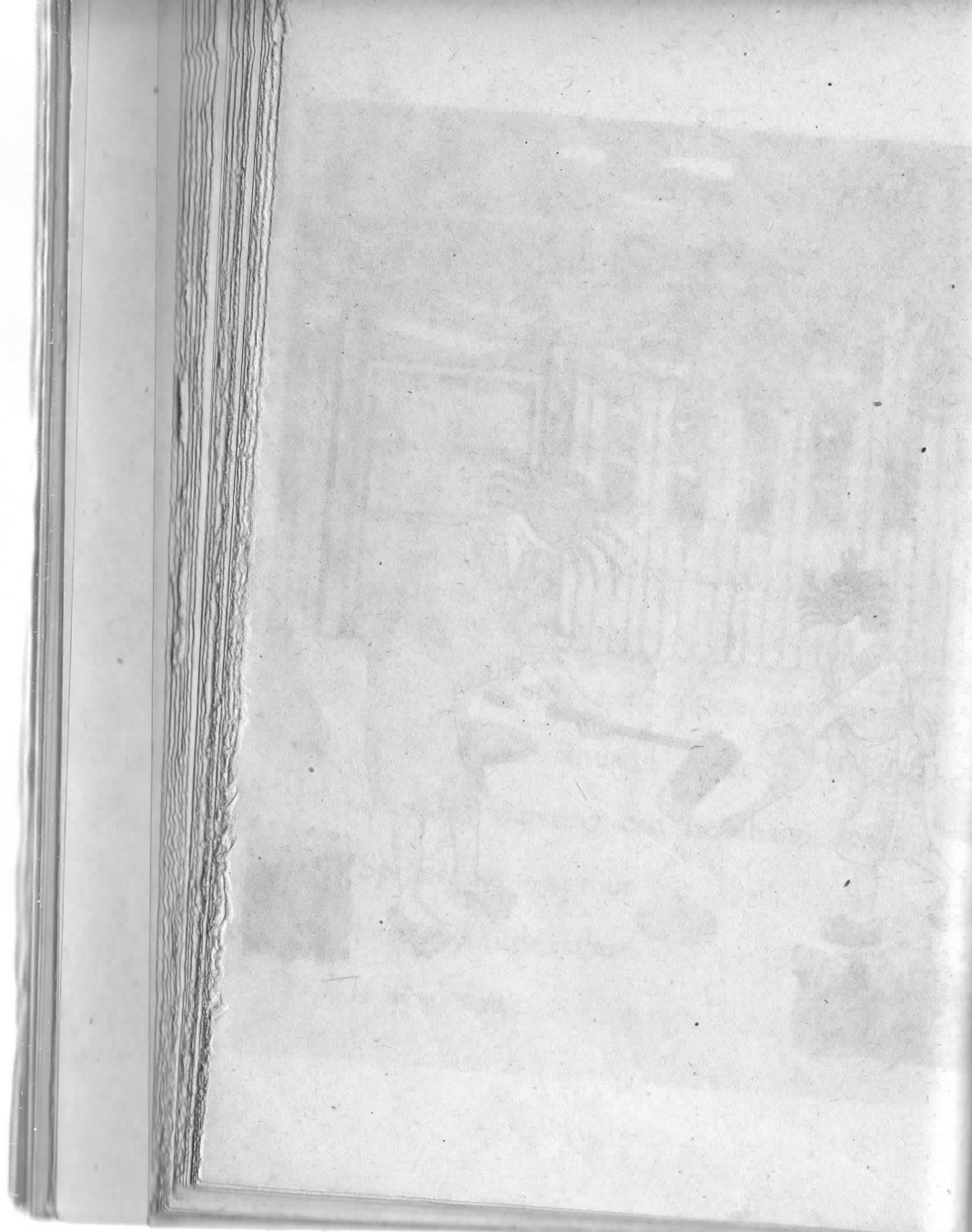
(Saru hops forward and they exchange
their belongings.)

Saru. Now Kani! Look at me and you'll
see how fast a rice ball like this can
disappear. Musha musha—munch munch.
Dear, oh dear, some of the rice grains
have stuck to my fingers. Bero bero—
lick lick, and around my mouth too—
bero lick, bero lick. I'm full up (stroking
his hairy tummy) and feel fine now. I
think I'll go for a pleasant walk up the
hills. Good day Kani, my friend. (exit)

Sir Kani. (in a small sad voice) Oh dear,
I am—a dumb creature, with this little
persimmon stone (walks thoughtfully
through the wooden gate to his garden.)
(Little Kani skips out from the house and
runs towards her father.)

Sir Kani. Come closer little girl, for I'm
going to plant this persimmon stone. (scrapes
the earth with his nippers and buries it.)
Now watch while I water it. (while he
waves his watering can he chants softly)
Sprout out—sprout out,
Fast my little stone.
If you don't





I'll cut you with my nippers.

(Little Kani skips round the planted persimmon stone)

Little Kani. We'll water it and care for it every day—our dear little persimmon stone—until we have a stout green blade.

Sir Kani. We'll change our little song, when we have a green little blade. Listen to my next one.

Grow up, grow up,

Fast my little sprout.

If you don't

I'll cut you with my nippers.

Little Kani. (skipping around again) We'll

water it and care for it until we have a beautiful tree.

Sir Kani (his voice rising) We'll change our little song again — listen !

Bear fruit, bear fruit,

Fast my beautiful tree.

If you don't

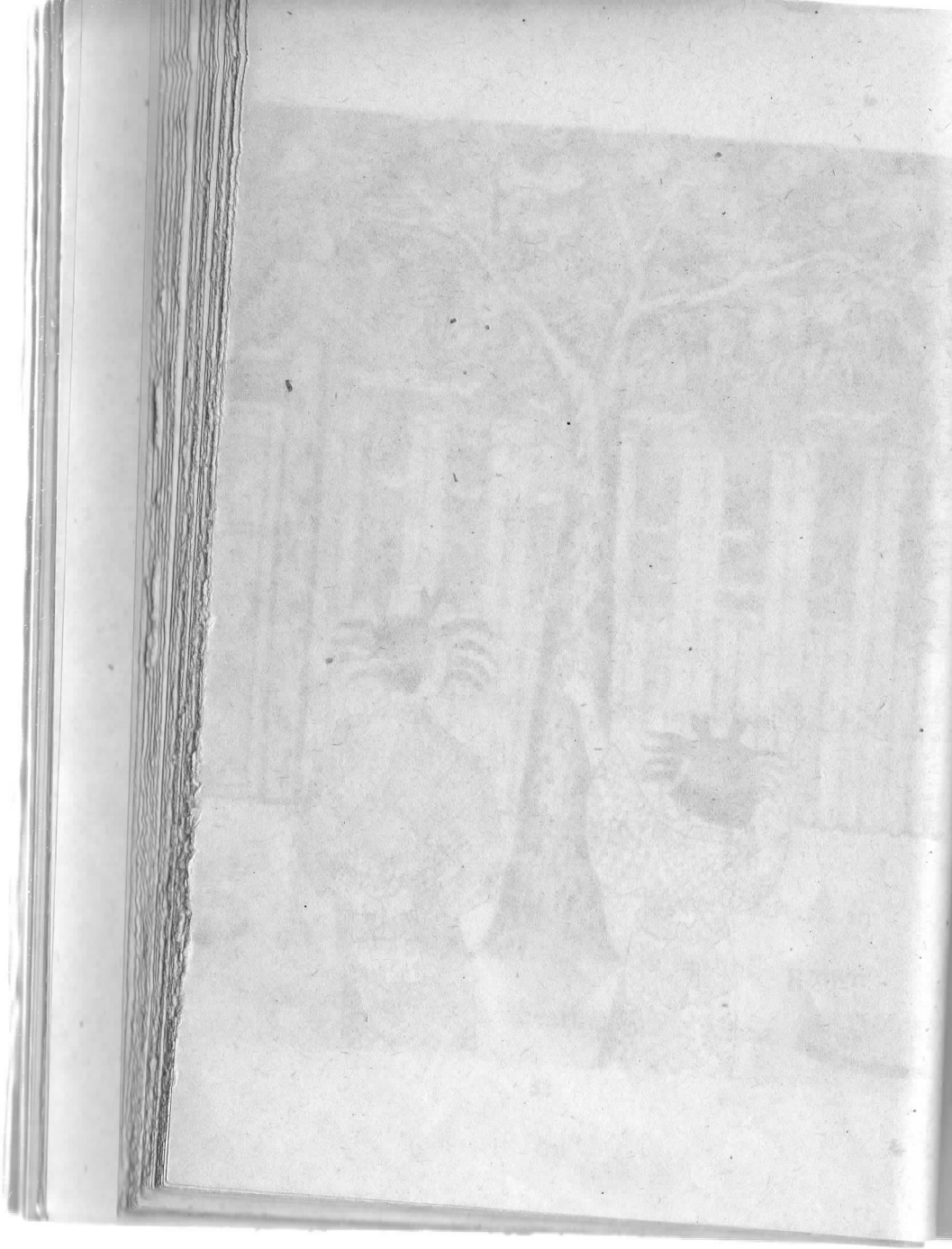
I'll cut you with my nippers.

Little Kani. (laughing happily) Then we'll have good fruit to eat every day.

CURTAIN

Scene 2. The same, except that in Sir Kani's garden there is a full grown persimmon tree bearing ripe fruit. Sir





Kani with his watering can is seen standing
at its foot.

Mr Kani. A long time and much patience
it has taken us, but what a reward! If
only I can reach the ripe ones without
breaking my poor bones.

(He reaches out his nippers and jumps
many times trying to reach the lower fruit
but is unsuccessful. Enters Saru jumping
from rock to rock.)

Saru. Good day, Kani, my friend. My, my,
all this from that little brown persimmon
stone. You must be glad you took it from
me that day. However, no ill feelings! I've

been watching from afar and see that you have trouble reaching the fruit. Can I help you? I'm a nimble climber as you know.

Sir Kani. You do make me feel stupid, but please climb up then, and throw me down the ripe ones. I will reward you with some for yourself. (At once Saru jumps up to the lowest branch and is soon high up among the branches. He picks a big ripe one and starts eating it.)

Saru. Watch me again, Kani, you fool— You watched me once before. Musha musha—um um. Sweet and cool and good. Wouldn't you like to taste one





yourself—but, no, a simpleton like you only deserves the green hard ones. You make a good target there, I must say.

(He picks the hard ones and throws them at poor honest Sir Kani who is looking up at him. They hit him all over and with cries of pain he falls over and lies still with his head in his arms. Saru peers down, smacks his lips, fills his kimono with as many ripe fruit as possible, climbs down and makes his exit hurriedly. Little Kani comes running in and stops in dismay to see the prone figure of her father.)

Little Kani. (shaking him gently) Otōsan,
father, father! What terrible thing has
happened! (looking around at the green
fruit rolling about, then up at the tree)
Oh, Oh, what dreadful unkind work this
is. It must be that horrible Saru again!
(sobbing loudly) Oh, Oh, I cannot stand
this. (At this moment a little brown
chestnut with a smiling cheerful face
springs down near little Kani.)
Kuri, the chestnut. My poor little Kani!
What makes you cry so sadly?
Little Kani. The bad, bad Saru has hurt
my father so dreadfully, and see how he





has taken the good persimmons. (sobs again.)

Kuri. Don't cry so hopelessly little one. We will pay Saru back. I'll get some of my good friends and see to that. Don't cry any more.

(Kuri, the chestnut springs out. Little Kani kneels near her father, tenderly lifts his head on her lap and strokes his hurt back.)

(Kuri, the chestnut, brings her friends Hachi, the bee with the sharp spear, and Usu, the big rice mortar.)

Kuri, the chestnut. (to her friends) See here,

my friends—this is how it is, and I've
promised little Kani we'll help her.

Usu, the rice mortar. Oya mā—terrible,
terrible!

We must punish the treacherous creature.
Kuri. Yes, yes! The greedy old monkey
will be coming back for more soon, so I
for one, will hide in the ashes of the sunken
hearth. (Hides herself)

Hachi. I for two, will hide in this big water
urn. (Hides)

Usu. And I for three, will hide on top
of the roof. (Follows the others)

(Presently Saru is again seen hopping from





rock to rock towards the persimmon tree. He looks around stealthily and only sees the little crab crouching sorrowfully over her wounded father. Yawns and stretches himself.)

Saru. A-a-a-a- I'm thirsty after that good feast. Let's see—before climbing for some more I'll help myself to a good drink. (He hops into Kani's home and stretches out his arm for the kettle on the sunken hearth. At this moment the cheerful Kuri springs out at him and gives him a good whack on the nose with a hot cinder.)

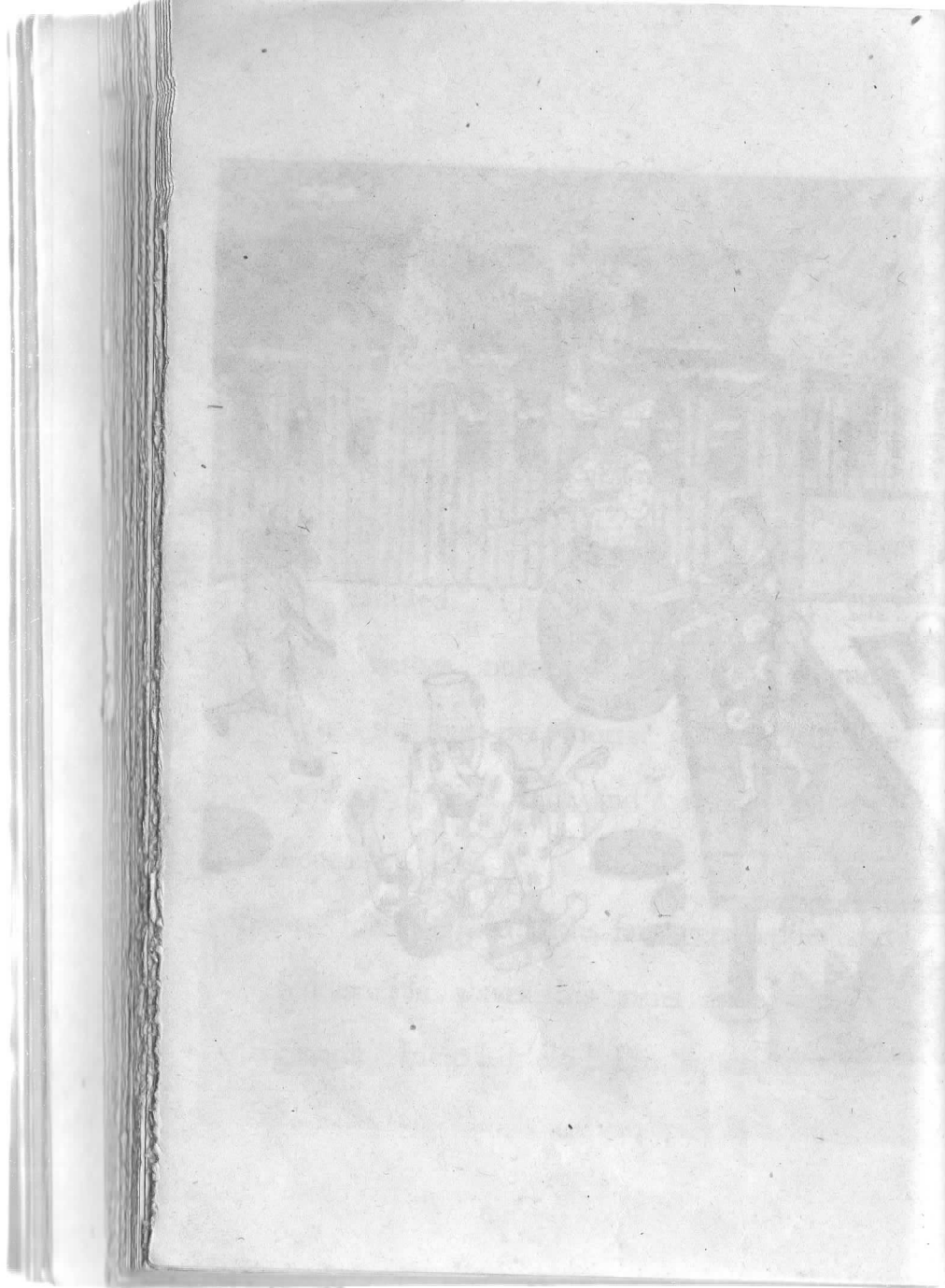
Saru. Atsui! Great Heavens! What is this!

My poor nose is burning! Water! Water!
(He rushes to the water urn and tries to
stick his face inside, but Hachi, the bee
bursts forth with her sharp spear and gives
him a good thrust above his eyes.)

Saru. Itai! Itai! Ouch! Ouch! This place
is haunted. I'm running for my life!
(He rushes outside but at this moment
Usu, the big rice mortar jumps from the
roof on top of him and Saru is crushed
beneath.)

Saru. Help! Help! (His face gets redder and
redder He waves his arms and legs and
groans.) Help! Help! I'm squashed.





(Little Kani, Hachi, and Kuri gather round him.)

Kuri. You have brought all this on yourself—
you bad creature! Now little Kani, chop
off his head with your sharp pair of
nippers.

Saru. No! No! Oh, please, have mercy on
me! I'm wicked. I've cheated Kani-san,
but please forgive me—forgive me!

Little Kani. So you're sorry, are you. It's
hard for me to forgive you, but come, let's
see what father has to say.

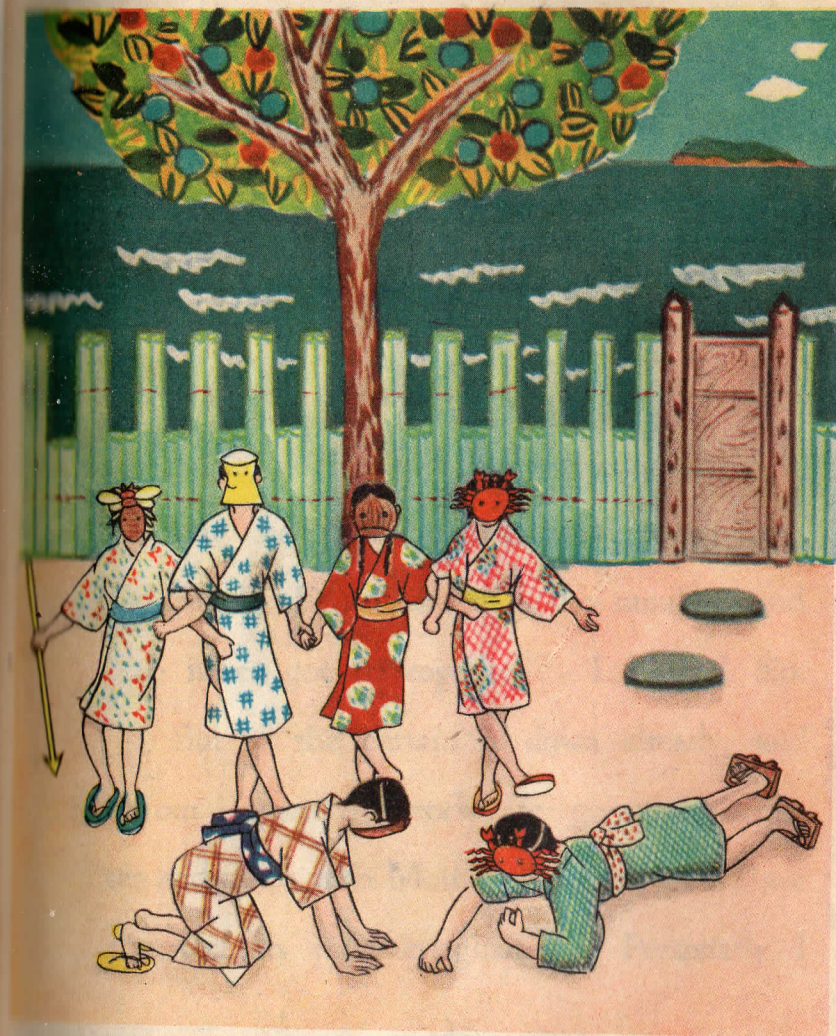
(Saru stands up painfully and is led to
Sir Kani. He kneels down slowly and

bows many times.)

Saru. Forgive me, Sir Kani. I have been a mean creature, but grant me pardon. I will try to mend my ways, for I realize that it does not pay to be bad.

Sir Kani. (slowly) Yes Saru-san, the wicked will always be punished. You have admitted your faults. Try to overcome them. Get rid of your cunning ways, and let's hope we'll get along better.

Saru (dashing away the tears with a paw and stuttering with emotion) Th-thank you, Sir Kani. You are s-so k-kind. (breaks down and sobs.)



Sir Kani. Let bygones be bygones—but I
thank you, dear Kuri, Hachi and Usu for
bringing Saru to his senses.

(The rest join hands and chant.)

All's well that ends well,

All's well that ends well.

CURTAIN

Oh dear, that curtain came down too
suddenly. Did I say that the monkey and
crab never got on together? I think I did.

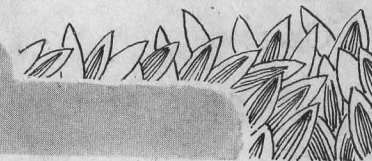
But as the curtain is down already, and
as our Japanese friends are going to enjoy
tea and cakes with Mother Okaasan, we'll leave
the rest to your imagination. Personally I

rather believe that though Sir Kani forgave Saru, all his descendants never really trusted monkeys. For that reason crabs and monkeys still avoid each other.

The End



KAGUYA HIME



IN Japan, you know we like to tell tales about Ojisan and Obaasan. Listen — you will hear another about them.

Once near the capital of Japan where

the Emperor lived, there was a beautiful little village. It had little rice paddies neatly arranged in rows, green fields, pretty hills and many bamboo groves. And in this village lived a kind Ojiisan and Obaasan.

Ojiisan went out every day to cut down bamboo canes. He made baskets and crates out of them and thus earned a living. People called him Taketori no Okina, which means; "Old Man Bamboo Taker"

One day he came across a specially big bamboo, and was astonished to see a steady light shimmering through its lower stem. It



was a delicate unearthly kind of light. Full of awe he took up his knife and carefully cut it through. Inside he found the tiniest, daintiest little maiden. At first he thought it was a doll—but no, this sweet little creature smiled and seemed delighted to be picked up. Ojiisan carried her back carefully on the palm of his hand.

Obaasan was filled with joy—

“Oh, the pretty little thing. Let us bring her up ourselves.”

“Of course, my dear, of course we will.”

“Ojiisan, can you make a little bamboo cradle for her?”

"Certainly, Obaasan, certainly, my dear."

So Ojiisan made a dainty little cradle for the doll-like maiden. Obaasan put her in it, covered her with a little quilt and sat beside her all day long. It made her so happy.

From that day whenever Ojiisan went out to work he came across bamboos shimmering with light which were full of gold coins.

"The little maiden of ours has brought us luck," thought Ojiisan.

He took the coins with him. He bought





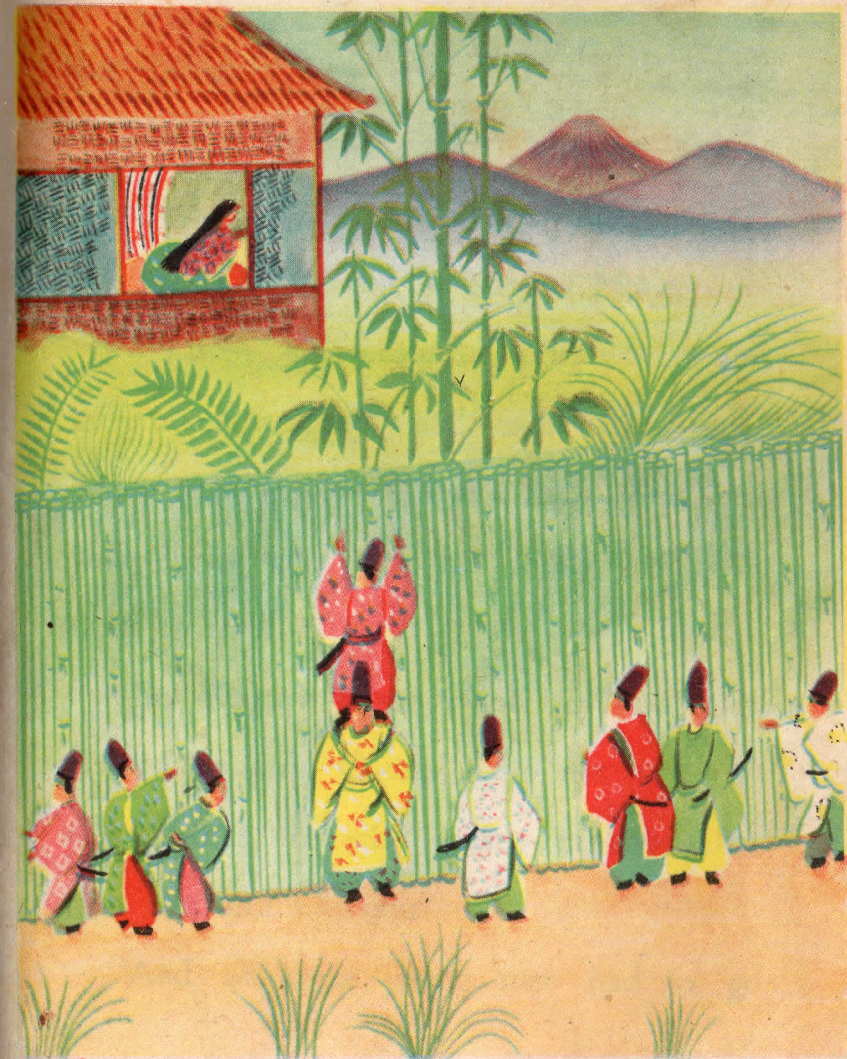
pretty little kimonos, beautiful cushions,
dainty little plates and cups for her.
Finally he built a beautiful home and had
other little maidens to look after it.

The little girl grew up and Ojiisan
and Obaasan could see that she was beautiful
in a very unusual way. This maiden wore
a look so bright and ethereal that they had
a feeling she was no earthly being. Looking
on her they seemed to forget their worldly
troubles—they thought of the beautiful moon,
and thinking of it they named her Kaguya
Hime which means Luminous Princess.

Very soon people began talking, and

before long it became known all over that Kaguya Hime was the most beautiful lady in Japan. All the young men around came to see her. They would gather around Ojiisan's beautiful house and peep through the bamboo fence to catch a glimpse of her. But Kaguya Hime shut herself up in her room and would not show herself at all, and the poor young men looked at each other in dismay and betook themselves home.

Among them were three who loved Kaguya Hime very much. They could not forget her, nor could they give up hope of



her favour. Day after day, rain or shine they came to her door begging to be admitted. At last, touched by their ardour, one day Ojiisan said to Kaguya Hime,

“Listen my beautiful princess. Come out of your room and meet these good young men who come every day. You have your choice and very fine young men they seem to me.”

But Kaguya Hime shook her head sadly.

“Dear kind Ojiisan. Do not ask that please. Let me stay quietly in this room with you and Obaasan”

And all three young men had to go

home with stricken hearts.

At last the news of the beauty of Kaguya Hime reached the ears of the Emperor. He sat on his thick silken cushion very still and thoughtful, and said to his gentleman-in-waiting.

"A radiant maiden indeed! Let her be brought here to the palace. She can serve me well."

"Hai." said the gentleman-in-waiting, bowing deeply, and away he hurried in and out of the big palace rooms and corridors. He took half of the court with him and came to the little village where Kaguya





Hime lived with Ojiisan and Obaasan. And there they all stood in a row ready to take her back with them—but Kaguya Hime still shook her head sadly and refused to leave her room.

When the Emperor heard of this he called his gentleman-in-waiting again, and arranged a big hunting trip. The whole court assembled and there was much hurrying to and fro. The Emperor resplendant in a hunter's dress with bow and arrows all complete sat on a wonderful black horse. Everybody was dressed in his best and they thought—"How beautiful we look. Now

Kaguya Hime must come with us."

So on their way home the whole court assembled at Ojiisan's house.

The Emperor was received with great respect. He was immediately dazzled by Kaguya Hime's beauty, but as soon as he stretched out his hand toward her, her figure grew faint, and she slowly faded away like a shadow until it was almost impossible to see her.

The Emperor saw at once that she was no ordinary being and said —

"Dear little princess, I will not try to take you away, but please let me see you once





more as you were."

So Kaguya Hime came back to life in a most delightful way. She smiled, and her face was radiant with light and everything around her glowed.

The Emperor was so charmed that tears came into his eyes, but remembering his promise he turned away quickly and returned home.

However he could not forget the beautiful princess. He became thoughtful and wrote many Japanese poems to her, and was delighted with her replies.

Years went by. Then one spring, when

the cherry blossoms were beginning to fall, Kaguya Hime could no longer remain in her room. On warm fragrant nights she would roll back her paper sliding doors, and seeing the big bright moon would sink deep in silent thought. As the days wore on Kaguya Hime was continually sad and shed many tears. Ojiisan and Obaasan were very anxious about her, and spent themselves trying to comfort her, but she would only raise her lovely tear-stained face and say—

“I am a puzzle to myself. I feel so depressed when I look at the moon that I





do not know what to do. I feel that very soon when the moon is quite round I shall have to bid you farewell—and take leave of all whom I love so dearly in this world.”

“Oh no, no,” said Ojiisan, “No such thing will happen to my beautiful Princess. How can you think of it, for you are safe and far from all evil in this house we built for you.”

“It is not of any evil that I am thinking, dear Ojiisan, but listen, very soon the spirits of the moon will descend and take me far away from you.”

"Oh no, no. We will guard you well.
No harm will come to you here."

But the Princess stretched out her arms
and embracing Ojiisan and Obaasan, wept
sorrowfully.

Ojiisan then told the Emperor, who
unable to bear the thought of losing so
beautiful a princess, dispatched a thousand
of his men with bows and arrows. The
strong husky fellows stood high up on the
bamboo walls around the Princess' home, and
each had a ready arrow.

On the 15th. of the 8th. month of the
year the moon was at its brightest and



roudest. Its dazzling, loveliness streamed in brightly through the paper doors, but could not find its way anywhere near Kaguya Hime, for Ojiisan and Obaasan had locked her in the room furthest away from any opening. All the rooms around her were tightly locked.

When midnight came the heavens suddenly grew so bright that it was like daytime. Everybody could see one another—even every hair that grew on the soldiers' bare legs as they stood bewildered high up on the bamboo walls, was visible. And as they stood on guard there came from above

rows and rows of beautiful angels dressed in dazzling white robes. The soldiers tried to fix their arrows but their blazing light blinded them and they could only stand like hundreds of old scarecrows. The locked doors opened of themselves until the light streamed into Kaguya Hime's room.

There she stood as lovely as ever, but it seemed that now her heart was aglow with the light and that her mind had already taken its flight to heaven.

"Do not grieve, Ojiisan and Obaasan," she said gently, pushing them aside.





She then took up paper and brush and wrote beautiful characters and laid the letter on her desk. It was a farewell letter to her foster parents.

Some of the angels drew nearer with a black lacquered chariot drawn by a white winged horse. It was very beautiful to behold. Then they brought the Princess her white heavenly robe which she was to wear in order to forget all earthly things, and also the box containing the medicine of everlasting life.

But the princess was not unmindful of the Emperor who had always been so

kind to her.

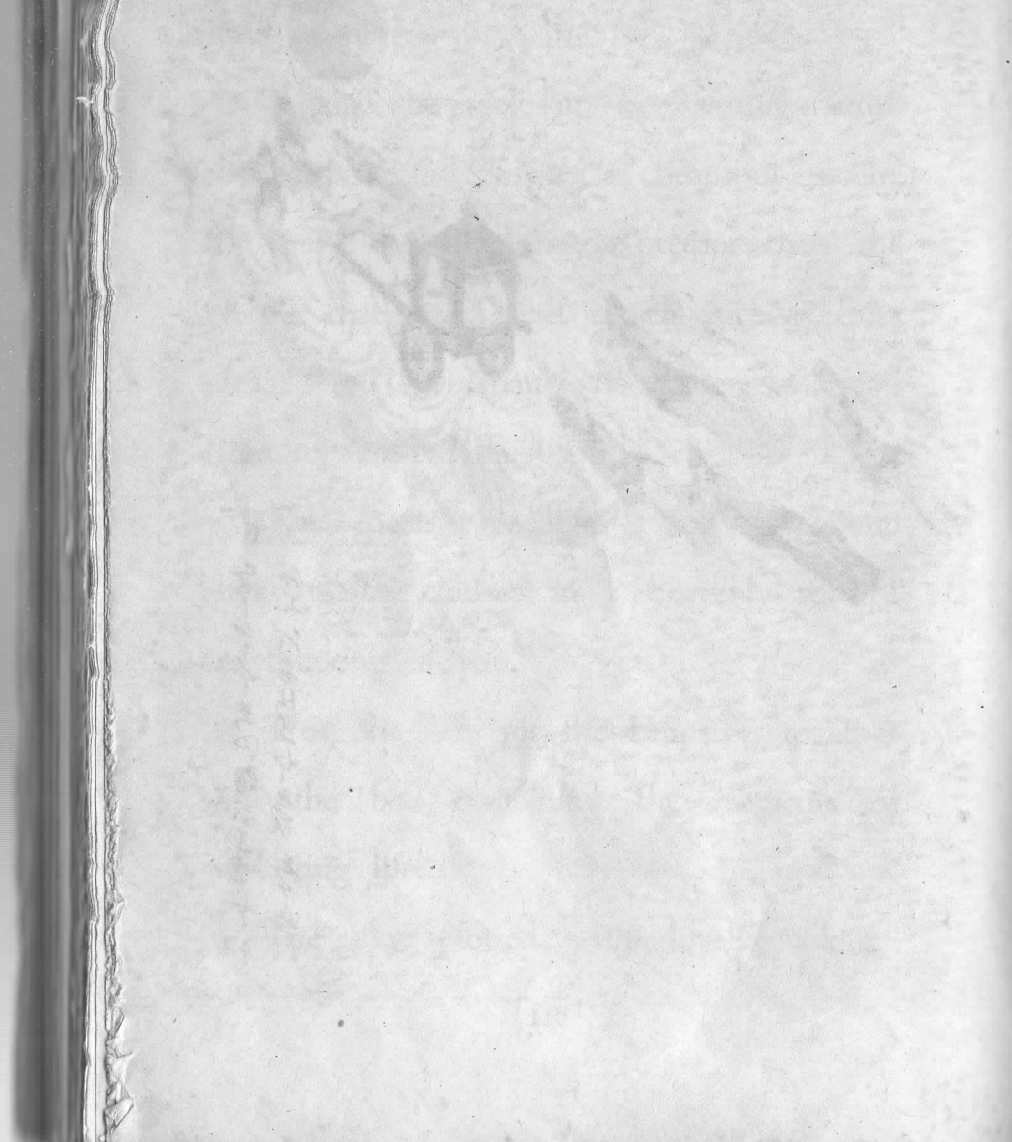
Again she took up her writing brush and paper and wrote a beautiful poem. Of course it looked much prettier than the one in the picture, but it will give you an idea. You see Japanese is written and read from top to bottom.

The poem meant—"Even as I am about to be clothed in a heavenly robe I am thinking of you."

This she left for the Emperor, together with the box containing the medicine of everlasting life.

The sky glowed with lovely colours.





There could be nothing more beautiful. The princess slipped into her heavenly gown and stepped into the chariot that was waiting for her. And she floated away with a heart filled with joy and peace. All the lovely angels took wing beside her as the brilliance and beauty she had radiated, faded away. There remained only her home and belongings and the riches which Ojiisan and Obaasan were to enjoy as long as they lived.

For many years the Emperor remembered Kaguya Hime. The more he looked at her last poem the sweeter it seemed to him, and he often sat still forgetting everything

eise. He looked long at the box containing the medicine of everlasting life but would not partake of it.

One day he called his gentleman-in-waiting and said—

“Without Kaguya Hime what would everlasting life be to me. Go to the highest mountain in Japan and burn it with the poem.”

So many of his servants rode as fast as they could until they reached the top of Mt. Fuji and there they burned the poem and the box, which smoked for a long time. The Emperor shook off his sadness and was



able to attend to his duties again.

If you search carefully you might be able to find the remains of Kaguya Hime's poem and box—on the top of Mt. Fuji.
